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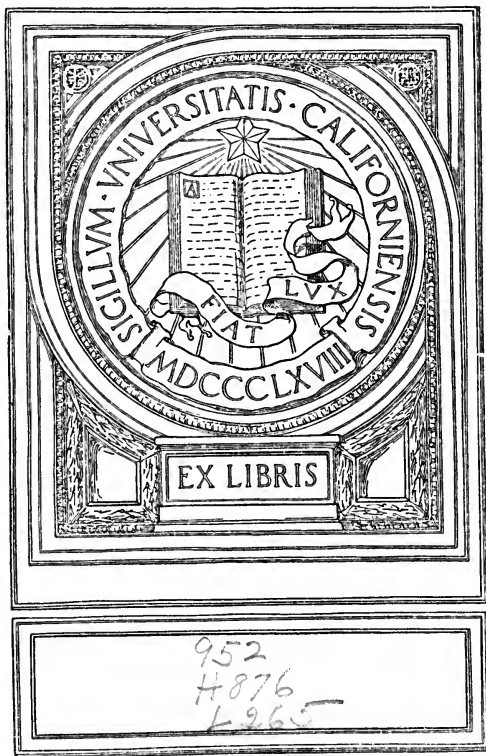
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HERBERT HUBBARD

AND

HIS WORK

BY



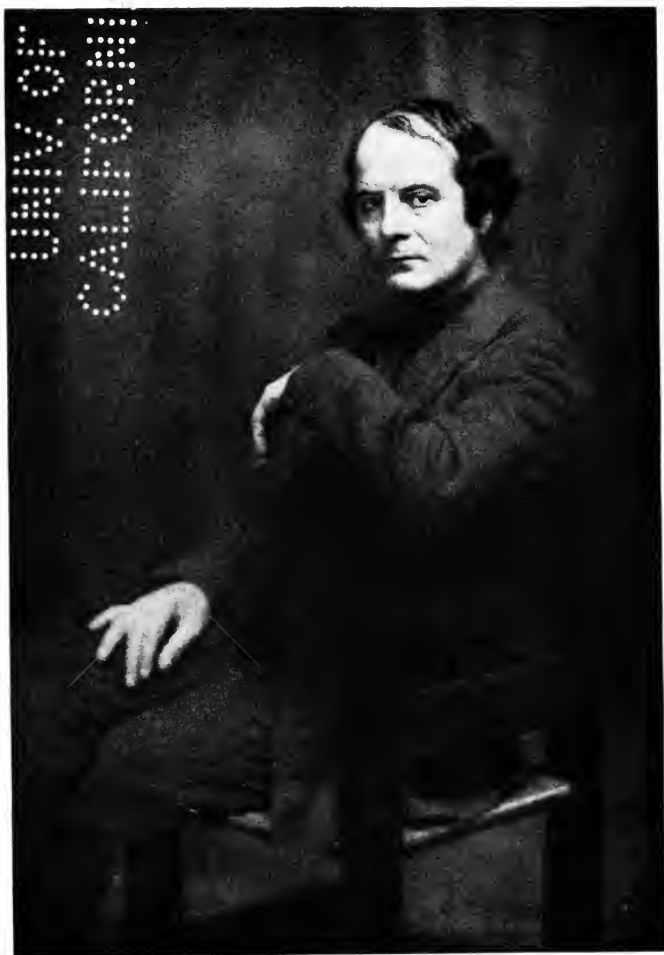




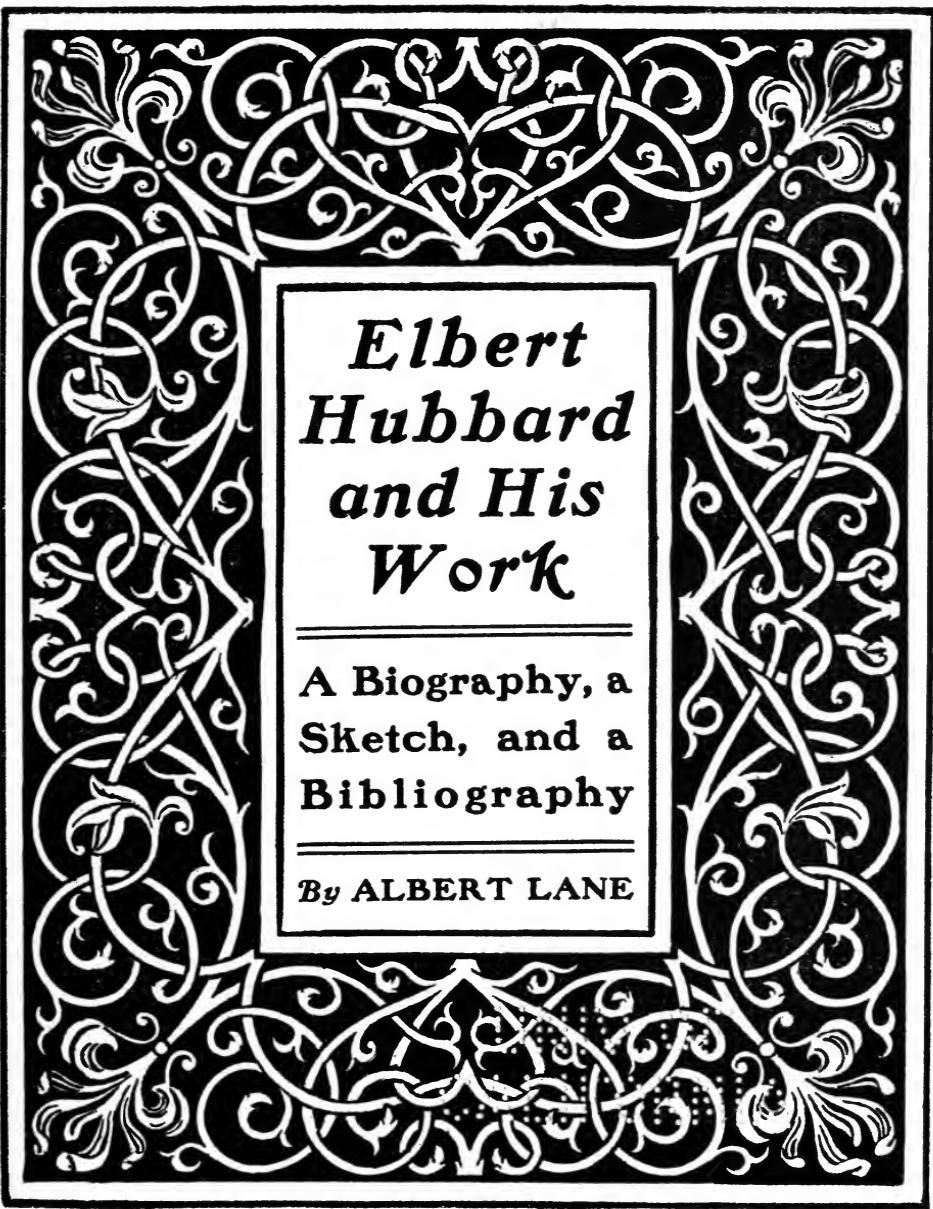








MISS BEN YUSUF'S PORTRAIT OF ELBERT HUBBARD.



***Elbert  
Hubbard  
and His  
Work***

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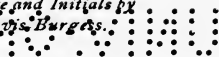
**A Biography, a  
Sketch, and a  
Bibliography**

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***By* ALBERT LANE**

Copyright, 1901,  
By ALBERT LANE.

*Title-page and Initials by  
Helen Daphne Burgess.*



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Worcester, Mass.*



THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO  
MABELLE M. LANE,  
IN MEMORY OF A  
HAPPY LITTLE JOURNEY TO EAST AURORA  
WITH ITS VISIT IN THE HOME OF  
ELBERT HUBBARD.

M107564



# Foreword



Very soon after starting on this work, I was asked by one acquainted with Mr. Hubbard through his writings and book-making, "Do you think that Elbert Hubbard has done sufficiently meritorious work to warrant the writing of his biography?"

Another has asked, "Have five years spent in experimenting with a subject as hopeful and as inspiring as any that has ever occupied the world, produced results of sufficient importance to justify their chronicling, or would it not be wise to wait until some actual good has come from his work?"

My answer to these and many other words of criticism and advice, is the printed book.

## *Foreword*

Having read *The Philistine* since its first issue, five years ago, and having enjoyed Mr. Hubbard's delightful lecture, "The Work of the Roycrofters," I could not easily understand how *The Philistine's* "Heart-to-Heart Talks" and the smooth, clean, strong and sympathetic words of the lecture, could emanate from the same mind. In either work he is eminently successful, but the diversity led me to doubt the sincerity of the man, and to become skeptical just as so many others have, and possibly for the same reason.

I would have wished that his lecture told of the man at heart, for his spoken words were better than those written, and told of great possibilities in a field that demands the earnest labor of strong men. And so it was when an opportunity was given me to visit East Aurora and the Roycrofters.

## *Foreword*

When I saw that great establishment, too beautiful, it seemed to me, to be devoted to making things that were to be sold to those who had no share in their making; when I saw the happy, contented workers, and talked with them, I could no longer doubt the sincerity of Elbert Hubbard, his intent, his achievement, nor the Work of the Roycrofters.

So my answer to the Questioners is this—the Printed Book.

ALBERT LANE.





*ELBERT HUBBARD*





IFE is Expression: repression is stagnation—death. Blessed is that man who has Found his Work.

How often these words have been heard and read by those familiar with Elbert Hubbard! They have become so truly a part of him that his work which has been so wonderfully successful, seems the natural exemplification of their truth.

Activity, mental and physical; the knowledge that one must endeavor, to attain; the desire to move on and up, and the determination to satisfy that desire, have been strong elements in Mr. Hubbard, but better

than these is the truth that he has Found His Work.

This is the secret of all success, and without this condition, Success, in its best sense, is impossible.

Elbert Hubbard was born in Bloomington, Illinois, on the nineteenth day of June, 1856, the son of Dr. Silas Hubbard, and grandson of Moses Hubbard, a direct descendant of George Hubbard, who came from England and settled in this country in 1633, at Guilford, Connecticut.

His early days were those of the ordinary country boy, attending the village school, at times willingly and at other times when he was followed or led to the door; doing the "chores" that are known only to country boys who have lived outside the world of coal and kindred comforts, where stove-wood is only cut from cord-wood after the cord-wood has been cut from the timber-lot; where the garden-plot, and the mowing, and the pasture

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are always in need of the boy's help before and after school, on Saturday afternoons and holidays; where the school itself is often the playground because it is the only place where playing is possible. In such an atmosphere as this did Elbert Hubbard pass the first sixteen years of his life. His school-days were profitably spent, if this would be the term applied to one who learned his lessons, but they were often annoying and perplexing, especially to those who had the teaching of those lessons, for he was too strong a boy for his place. He learned but too easily; was always waiting for others to catch up with him; had time, lots of it, on his hands, and was of too cheerful a disposition to allow it to hang heavily.

“Life is Expression: repression is stagnation—death.”

He learned the truth of this when a small boy, and Expressed himself, for he would not risk the alternative. A leader then, he taught

the Art to those who followed, and as there was no limit to his creative ability, he was quite often beyond the reach of those who would restrain. No viciousness, but just good, old-fashioned fun, thrown out by one who knew no fear, and who found pleasure for himself and others in doing things that were contrary to the staid, senseless laws of some others.

He was not a Model Boy. But he found Model Boys valuable and used them frequently as objects. And mothers worried.

But peace was to be theirs again, for in 1872 That Hubbard Boy, having gone through all the schools that his native town afforded, decided that Bloomington and he were not all they should be to each other, and left it to learn of the outside world.

And it is in this incident, this going away from home, that the first evidence of his strength may be noted, for his unconquerable determination, the desire for independence,

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and the feeling that there was work for him to do, are clearly evident.

His father, the good doctor, with the natural feeling of fear and the instinctive knowledge of the dangers that would be the boy's, tried to dissuade him from going, but in vain.

"You tell me," the boy argued, "of the evils and the dangers I am liable to meet, but there must be good, too. I am not only a part of this town, but of the world outside, and I want to see what that world is like. I know Bloomington from cellar to garret, and I guess Bloomington knows me about as well, so I am going to get out of it and find the part I am to play or the work I am to do before I become as those who are content to stay here. Wish me well. I will not prophesy, but wish me well and I'll try to do my work."

This, then, was the Elbert Hubbard of sixteen: tall, rather unattractive, with the well-established reputation of being none too good, and conscious of being condemned at sewing-

circles, sociables and knitting-clubs to a worse life, and more of it. He was of importance Then.

But his forehead was broad, his eyes keen, his mouth firm, and as he started out into the world it was with the determination to do something. Possibly he was prompted in some measure by the desire to fool the busy-bodies who so decidedly prophesied his downfall: there is generally some incentive in this; but he was determined, and his determination and will and courage grew strong with the miles of his journey.

To Chicago first, the great city of his native state. Here he groped blindly for awhile, not knowing what he would really like to do, and ready to take the first place offered him. It was a newspaper office, the best school he could have chosen, for it was in this that the foundation was laid for all his future work. He was fascinated and inspired by the great presses, and the life that came from these, and

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the type, the paper and the ink. He was impressed by the wonderful method of construction, and learned, as he would have been able to in no better way, the value of system, the working together of parts to make the whole. It was a lesson he has never forgotten.

His work at that time was the work of the boy, doing what he was told to do, but so ambitiously did he strive that, in 1876, at the age of twenty, he was contributing articles of considerable merit to several of the leading newspapers. He seemed destined to become powerful and of prominence in journalistic work, and was developing into a facile and individualistic writer, when, in 1880, an opportunity was given him to enter into a commercial enterprise in Buffalo, New York. As it promised to be a new experience, he readily undertook the work, and though it was in marked contrast with the life he was leaving, he was just as easily in his sphere—the right man in the right place.

An older sister had married the head of a small manufacturing company. It was a fairly prosperous but not important concern, with comparatively limited facilities and capital for manufacturing and marketing its output, when Mr. Hubbard entered it to be given control of its principal department, that of selling. As if by magic, so short the time, the small establishment was developed into one of great importance to the commercial world, and upon a thoroughly substantial basis. It was by means of a scheme, though, that this was done—a scheme operated by this same young man, who proved himself to be both subtle in invention and quick in knowledge of human nature. There was nothing of trickery in it; nothing dishonest; a deal of goodness, a certain amount of philanthropy, and a large percentage of profit.

A wonderful combination.

The article manufactured was in the nature of a largely used commodity, made honest in

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quality and quantity. It was of value and importance to the great mass of poor and very poor people, because absolutely necessary ; so to the study and manipulation of these did Mr. Hubbard devote his energies. He taught them, first of all, that his house would rather deal with them than with those of whom they were buying, and though they would be charged the same as by their store-keepers, the profit of the store-keepers would be given them in the form of premiums, though they would have to purchase in large quantities to take advantage of this offer. And realizing as he did both how hard this would be and the peculiar fascination of debt, he offered them all credit without question, trusting in their honesty, and telling them that he did. The scheme was well planned and attractive, and the offer was of real benefit to those who accepted it. The result was that those who became customers remained real friends to the house in Buffalo. And it was commendable

in that the premium was of value. Not a trinket that these people would better be without, but something useful, and, indeed, essential, strong, substantial, and exactly as represented.

There were those skeptical who laughed at the venture, but they ceased long ago, for so important has this work become that it would be impossible to find in our country a village or town that has not many in it who have profited in large measure by dealing with this concern. It was the work of Elbert Hubbard; the same principle then having been applied that is applied by him to-day. He created success, and in this work so dealt with all that his house, not he, was given a reputation for integrity and real worth. It was friendly and prosperous.

But the little seed that took root in the brain of Mr. Hubbard in Chicago persisted in growing in Buffalo. The pen was mightier than the sword of business, and though merely as an

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avocation, he occasionally wrote for the press. That the press did not always take kindly to him to the extent of publishing his productions, must be attributed to the fearlessness and independence strongly characteristic of his work, that made it too bold and hazardous for publishers to consider favorably.

In 1883 he was married to Bertha C. Crawford of Hudson, Illinois. They lived for a short time in Buffalo, moving from there to East Aurora, attracted principally by the natural beauty of this little village and Mr. Hubbard's strong love for country life. Here he was better able to develop the Literary Attachment, devoting his hours away from his office to this purpose, but never at the expense of his real work.

In 1891 an anonymous novel was put on the market by a Philadelphia publishing house, and its authorship was traced to Mr. Hubbard. Its subject was bold and handled earnestly, as is generally the First Book of an

Author, but it was without merit, rather crude in construction, not pleasing in text, and unworthy its author. It did not live, because it should not, and it is of interest only for the purpose of comparison with the work he is now doing. The nom de plume has never been claimed by its owner.

The following year he retired from business in Buffalo and went abroad. It was a most important journey, for, though he did not realize it at the time, it was to shape the foundation of his work of to-day.

He visited William Morris at Hammer-smith, England, and learned for the first time how really great he was, and how wonderful an institution the Kelmscott Press. As he himself has said in talking of that visit: "I found in William Morris a man of marvelous power. He was frank, bold, gruff, tousled, and dressed in overalls and blouse like a workingman. But a very little conversation with the man proved that his seeming

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gruffness came from his being completely absorbed in his work. When he closed in on an idea, he had no time nor thought for anything else. He was master of six distinct trades. ✓ He gloried in doing things with his hands. To cut things out and piece them together into something beautiful and useful, was his recreation. To carve in wood; to weave bright strands of silk into cloth; to hammer iron into shape; to paint pictures and draw forms,—these were delights to him. And there was only one thing that gave William Morris more joy than to do things with his hands, and that was to show others how to do things with their hands. He always made things as well as he could. His motto was, ‘Not how cheap, but how good.’” ✓

So it was with his mind full of this man that he returned to his own country more desirous than before of following his literary inclinations, and determined, though he had not considered how, that some day he would

have a Kelmscott Press in America. It was a mighty proposition, and he could well wait.

In this same year he entered the office of the Arena Publishing Company at Boston, Massachusetts. Here his work had largely to do with the commercial side of the business, though he contributed occasionally to the pages of the magazine, or when he could pass the cautious B. O. Flower—that same Flower against whose vest-front he has consigned, in later years, so many daring ones to lay their heads. Here again he proved himself of worth, for by means of his excellent business ability and keen judgment, he added greatly to its patronage.

By this house, his first and second acknowledged books were published: the former, a story entitled, "One Day: a Tale of the Prairie," portraying his thorough knowledge of Western and cow-boy life, and branding him an adept at cow-punching, rounding-up,

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and broncho-busting. The second, a two-volume novel with the title, "Forbes of Harvard," savored just as strongly of Cambridge and its college life. The material for this was undoubtedly obtained by him during a short term passed at the Harvard Summer School of this year, in the department of English Literature. This was Mr. Hubbard's only taste of college life, and it was of so little importance to him that he is not only inclined to use that experience as a mine of ridicule to be worked for the benefit of the Philistines, but to dub Harvard University in particular, and all colleges in general, worthless societies, whose best result is apparent in their development of indolence, conceit and theoretical nonsense. This is perhaps the one indication of narrowness in this otherwise broad-minded man that inclines many to consider him conceited—an egoist; for it must be inferred that he is governed in this antagonist opinion by weighing his own success with the many

failures of college graduates that have come to his notice.

And, too, a serious consideration of his opinion in this matter would be decidedly to his disadvantage. Colleges do not profess to make men: they can and do help men who help themselves. Remittance-men and hungry loafers often have college degrees, and there are those looking for work who can speak six languages, but colleges should not be condemned because of these exceptional instances.

It was with these impressions for a basis, obtained by contact with those who were not representative college men, that he wrote this novel, and so truthful was he in detail that at times his truth stung.

"The Right of Tramps" and "A New Disease" were essays from his pen that appeared in the *Arena* in 1894.



DISCONTENT, the longing for life he might call his own, the desire for independence, and some dissatisfaction with his surroundings, impelled him to leave Boston the latter part of that year and return to East Aurora—"to his country, his home and his horses"—quite resolved to do as he pleased.

It was not his nature to live in idleness, nor was it his intent. He had in store abundant material to be developed, and to this work he set himself, laboring carefully and systematically: devoting certain hours of the day to study, others to good, honest, outdoor exercise and labor, and others to his literary work. The work of this period was decidedly better than that previously done, resulting in "No Enemy but Himself," his third novel. This was published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in 1894, and was very readable, meeting with

excellent criticism and having good sale. As its title suggests, it was a book with a strong moral, in tone tending toward his essays or preachments of to-day.

Through this book he gained the good will and favor of his publishers, who gladly received his suggestion for a series of Little Journeys, to be published monthly in pamphlet form during the following year. The material for these was obtained during his visit in Europe, and dealt with the home-life of English authors, that of Victor Hugo being the only exception. They were written in a frank, chatty style, and, while authentic, instructive and pithy, were in delightful contrast to the ordinary dull biographies. Commenting upon these at the time, the *Journal of Education* said: "The Little Journeys of Elbert Hubbard are Literature. One-third narrative, two-thirds whimsical philosophy and character study—nowhere blank biography or guide-book description—they are all

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good reading, and they will live and quicken the minds of readers when the biographies are dust."

And so we are brought to 1895, the year of Mr. Hubbard's birth to the greater number of us, for it was in that year that *The Philistine* was born. It was then that the Pastor of His Flock began to deal out praise and condemnation to those deserving. It was then that we first learned of East Aurora, though maps refused to tell us where it was. It was the year that will be remembered by those interested as the one of miniature magazines, when from Massachusetts to California the country was flooded with these little pamphlets.

The Chap Book, published by Stone & Kimball, often referred to by Mr. Hubbard as the "Two Orphans of the Kate Caxton Building, Chicago," was the first of these, and its pages were filled with germs of the disease that cared not where they went so long as there was sustenance.

It was a lusty specimen that found its way to East Aurora, for its habitation was in this man who possessed what he has jokingly called all the requirements—the “two or three ideas and ten dollars capital.”

But he had more than these—he had the qualities that make for success: strength of purpose, force, business acumen, and the superb knowledge of how to do things.

And no better proof of the great strength of The Philistine, or, better, Elbert Hubbard, could be found than in this fact, that of the eleven hundred magazines of this order started during that period, The Philistine is the only one that has survived, and not only this, but it has prospered, until to-day it is watched for more eagerly and read more earnestly than any other magazine in existence.

This is a strong statement, but it is absolutely true.

There is little doubt as to the intent of Mr.

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Hubbard in issuing this magazine. He liked the idea, considered it a pleasant means for recreation, and thought it possible that it might lead to something better. Whatever it might become, it was his, and in it he could say things that he really wished to without fear of the blue pencil. And he did say these things, startling his readers with his boldness, frankness and utter disregard for conventionalities. They quickly realized that in the little New York village of East Aurora was a man—they did not know his name—fearless, independent, keen of wit, brilliant in philosophy, broad in mind, and versatile. Those who knew of him first, talked of him to others, who in turn have been won and have won to him, until his friends and admirers are numberless and in every part of the world. And they are the truest of friends, because they are the friends of his work, with scarce knowledge of him save by that work.

This is indeed true, and to it may be at-

tributed the wonderful progress he has made in his writings. He has been sure of appreciation, of being understood. He has known that his readers have been critical, and he has aimed always to excel what he has done, thus growing strong in argument, powerful in philosophy, and easy in expression. There are those, too—a host of them—who severely criticise him, ridiculing what he has done and is now doing, but they are for the most part superficial, and attack but the covering they cannot pierce. Not that he is above criticism, for he is not. His boldness is at times hazardous: he occasionally expresses himself by using words that are unnecessarily coarse and not pleasing, and he cruelly and needlessly assails those he deems worthy of such assaults.

If there is any possible excuse for this, it is in the fact that he does not attack individuals as such, but as representatives of a class. To quote one who knows the Hubbard-at-heart,

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better, probably, than any other man: "His prey is not the man, but the class or group. He lampoons the individual only when he represents a great Sham, for he hates these, and with the club of consummate humor puts dents in them, if he does not shatter. He is equal to Thackeray in the ability to hold these asses' skins up, covered on the under side with satirical illumination."

He is and should be criticised for these things, because they are harmful to his readers, and because they create in the minds of those who do not know him an entirely wrong impression of him. He should be told again and again that the strongest things he has ever written—the articles that have made his true friends—are those sharp and keen, but free from vileness of expression; that there is a difference between sarcasm and cynicism; that the former is pleasing and often of value, while the latter is poisonous and worse than worthless.

It is only for these things that his literary work should be criticised, and only these things should be condemned; but they are small, of slight importance at the most, and do little but mar the perfect.

He realizes that he has much to learn before he can be styled a great writer, and does he notice those who loudly cry of this, it is but to laugh and forget. Their assaults do not hurt him, for they touch but lightly and the part of him that is invulnerable—the surface. They can reach no farther.

The Real Man escapes them all; for the strength and power of his mind, his earnest work that is but the foundation for a new era in art and literature; his kindness of heart, and the good he is doing for those who work with him and those who believe in him,—these have placed him beyond those who narrowly condemn him because he does not do and think as they do.

In *The Philistine* for June, 1897, the follow-

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ing was printed: "The first number of The Philistine was issued two years ago this month. So far as I know, it is the only magazine ever started that has been self-supporting from its first appearance. Its subscription-list includes very many of the strongest men and women in America and England whose lives are consecrated to moral and intellectual endeavor. It was started as a joke, with the intention to issue only one or two numbers and therein say Some Things; now it is an institution. I have not endeavored to please any man or any class. I have simply told in brief a few of the things I felt were true, not merely the things I thought it would be nice to say. The individuals I have giped and jeered have often been personal friends and men of many excellent traits: malice has never entered. Few there are who make greater demands on their friends for charity than I, and few, indeed, who in this earth journey have been more

generously treated. No man can hope to grow rich by publishing such a periodical and running a tuppenny printing-shop. But I am not yet convinced that it is desirable to be rich, and I surely have all I need: then the words of kindness and appreciation that come to me from people whose faiths are different from mine, whom I have never before known, and whose hands I may never grasp, would surely recompense for much of the world's indifference.

"So, blest am I—thrice blest."

Good words; and with a meaning that tells clearly of the excellent sentiment dominant in him. And they tell us, too, of a heart that knows hunger for kind words and how good the satisfying of that hunger. The same Hubbard has said: "To think, to see, to feel, to know, to deal justly, to bear all patiently, to act gently, to speak cheerfully, to moderate one's voice—these things will bring you the highest record. They will bring you the love

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of the best: the esteem of the Sacred Few, whose good opinion is worth cultivating."

But better still is the knowledge of Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora, the Elbert Hubbard at home and at his work. Here do we find the real man, loving and loved. In the one case the husband and father—for there is a beautiful wife and four children, three boys just growing to sturdy young manhood, and the wee daughter, a bundle of sunshine. Here he is the tender, solicitous, gentle and firm.

In the other case, the Brother, in rough, simple dress, a worker with the workers, kindly, sympathetic, whole-souled; always ready to speak kindly to those about him, creating an atmosphere of contentment and peace by his words of good cheer and readiness to encourage and lend a lifting hand to the struggler.

Yet, withal, he is the man of business: careful, calculating, keenly alive to the necessity of counting the cost; eager for success, not

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only for himself, but for his institution; ingenious in expedients for that success, and most brilliant and original in his methods for its promotion.

And this is a combination so extraordinary that it has enabled Elbert Hubbard to achieve more in five short years than is the life-work of the majority of men who are called Great.

Blessed is that man who has found his work.

And blessed are we who have Found the Man who has found his work.



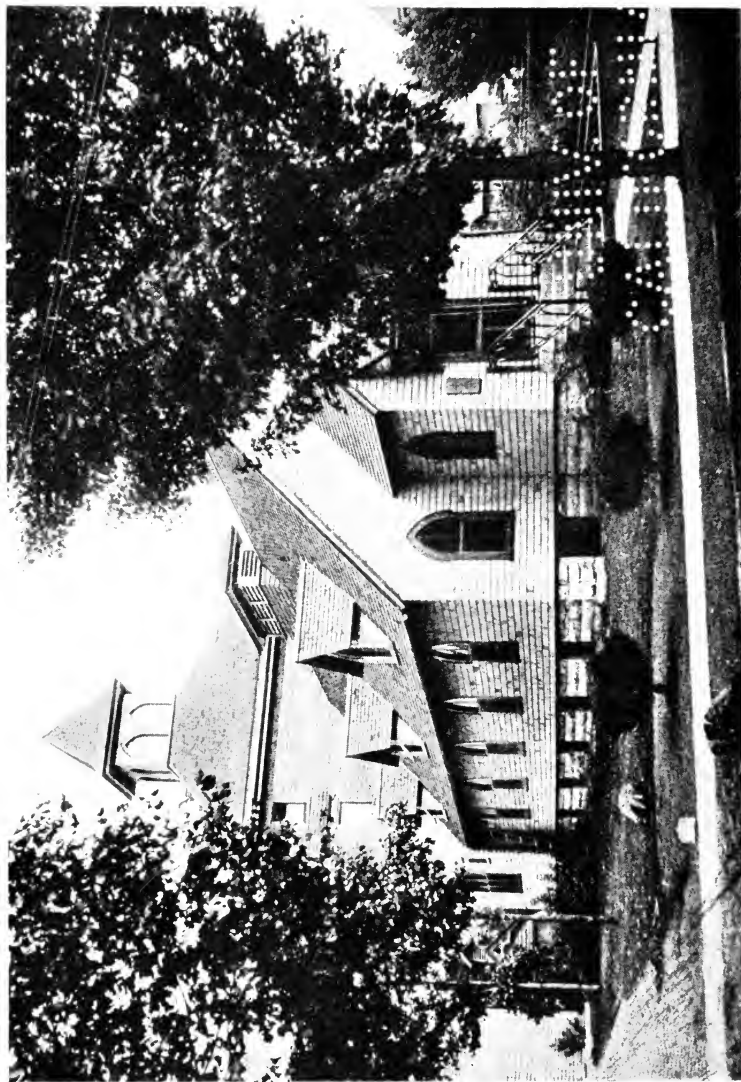




*HIS WORK*







ORIGINAL SHOP (NOW PHALANSTERY).



WENTY-FIVE hundred copies of *The Philistine*, a Periodical of Protest, were printed in June, 1895, and mailed to a carefully selected list of Literary Folk, and to the book-stores in nearly every city in the United States. It was just Another One for the magazine-filled counters, but there was an appearance of strength in its rough exterior that quickly appealed to those who were on the lookout for "Something Different," so that by the time the second number was sent out, nearly the entire issue had become exhausted. A larger number were printed in July; these sold as well. Subscriptions for a year of it were sent in from different parts of the country, slowly at first, but with such words of encouragement that the original plan of its owners was abandoned: "to publish two numbers and quit."

The Philistine was not a joke, but real; of importance; wanted. The players became workers, and to such an extent that during the next month it was decided to add to the work of printing and publishing the little magazine that of making books, and in this to follow as closely as possible the laws of the old Venetian Monks, who worked with hands and hearts.

So they procured a hand-press, modeled after that used by Franklin in the eighteenth century; bought type and paper and set themselves to the task of making their first book; of establishing the Roycroft Shop. They worked diligently and earnestly, early and late, but so conscientiously that, though a small volume, it took them over four months to complete it,—and this in the days when a growing tree could be transformed into a gilt-top volume ready for the book-case in less than a week.

And just how glad they were when this

## *Work*

book was really made, is told in its end-leaf, the words of which are here reproduced :

“And here, then, is finished this noble book, being a study and a reprint of the Song of Songs; which is Solomon’s, taken from the Holy Bible. Printed after the manner of the Venetians, with no power save that of the Human Muscle, at the Roycroft Printing Shop, that is in East Aurora, New York. Begun on September, the third day, 1895, and finished—thank God!—on January, the twentieth day, 1896.”

There were but two Roycrofters then, Mr. Hubbard and his Poet-partner, one Harry P. Taber, an East Aurora Journalist. But they were both enthusiastic and lovers of books. They found pleasure in their work, and were proud of their first attempt. But as they considered their second volume, “The Book of Ecclesiastes,” it was to make it better than the first, and more like their model, an old Venetian volume. So a Certain Good Woman,

Mrs. Hubbard, was made a member of the Roycrofters, and with her knowledge of decorative painting, she undertook to draw-in and illumine the initials and title-pages. The work went slowly, too slowly, for there were six hundred of these books to be done, and people were calling for them. Other hands were needed, so a few of the village girls were called in to help. Then—for it soon became evident that the girls were not kept busy enough—more boys were hired, that the printed sheets might be furnished them more rapidly.

Hardly a year had passed. The Hubbard house—for here all the work was done—had become indeed a book-shop in its broadest sense. Twenty boys and girls, none of whom had ever known work outside the home house-work or the labor on the farm, had become earnest, happy workers; at their places each day, not only learning to do good work, but so taught, encouraged, praised and criticised that

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it seemed more like play, or, as Mr. Hubbard himself has said, "It was advanced kindergarten, the making and learning to make beautiful things—the Froebel system carried into commercial life."

And it was then that the whole scheme that has since been developed into a sort of co-operative brotherhood suggested itself to him, and from that little family of country boys and girls has grown the colony of Roycrofters, famous the world over for its output of beautiful books.

It was now thought practical to have a shop or work-room for the little band, so Mr. Hubbard outlined the plans for a simple frame structure, to be built alongside his own house. It was of English design, closely resembling a small chapel, modeled, in fact, after the old church at Grasmere, where Wordsworth was buried.

In its construction particular attention was given that it should be both comfortable and

conveniently arranged. It should be substantial, too, and built to last. Field boulders were gathered by the boys of the shop, hammered into proper form and honestly laid; then the timbers were cut, and by the direction of a practical East Aurora carpenter, these were put in position, after the manner of our old New England barns, tied together with great wooden pins; earnest Roycrofters doing the raising; the wondering villagers looking on, really convinced that there was something in Bookmaking after all.

At this time was inaugurated the system that attracted wider attention to the Roycroft shop than almost any other: that of allowing those working there a certain freedom that enabled them, in a measure, to choose their own work, yet they understood perfectly well that they must work, and honestly, in order to hold their positions. So it was arranged that when a pressman or a typesetter found his work monotonous or otherwise disagreeable, he felt

## *Work*

at liberty to leave it and turn stone-mason or carpenter. And through its entire existence this has been a plan of the Roycroft Shop.

They were made to understand, too, that the work they were doing was for themselves; that the shop they were building was to be their home, or, at least, in it they were to spend the greater part of their time. So, when it was finished, every effort was made to have it cheery and homelike. The walls were hung with pictures, framed, generally, by the printer-carpenters, while the girls brought flowers and birds to add to its coziness. Cases were made for books, and to encourage their reading, Mr. Hubbard gave from his own library one thousand volumes of standard authors.

Up to this time the Roycroft books had been bound in Buffalo, and not at all to the satisfaction of the Roycrofters; so it was decided that this work could be done much better in East Aurora, and plans for a bindery were made. Then, to quote Mr. Hubbard: "After

much search a Leipsic bookbinder was found, a man who had spent several years in learning his trade, and had recently been forced into a big shop where he was only a spoke in a wheel. It was a great joy to this man to have the Roycrofters find him, and it was a great joy for the Roycrofters to find him. He set to work to bind books with his own hands, at a bench, and with no machinery but his hand-tools. There were two girls working at illuminating who found the work difficult, so they were allowed to help the bookbinder; for it is against Roycroft ideas to send anyone away who really wants to work, so if they cannot do one thing well we let them try their hands at something else. The girls helped the binder, and the binder helped the girls. Bookbinding seemed to be forging to the front.

“People liked Roycroft work; orders came, and the Little Man from Leipsic began to work miracles in levant. These bindings

## *Work*

ranged in price from ten to one hundred dollars, and people were eager to buy them. Binding had now become an important part of Roycroft work. More girls were hired, and to supply them with material, more boys, too. A wing was added and set apart for this work, making the Roycroft Shop about one hundred and sixty feet long and twenty-five in width."

As the original Shop, that had now become but a wing of wings, was considered large enough for all requirements, so the enlarged building was looked upon with satisfaction; it would be the permanent Shop of the Roycrofters.

But the fame of this little colony of book-makers was growing rapidly—more rapidly than they realized—and it was not long before they began to get in each other's way.

Mr. Hubbard had purchased a large tract of land on the opposite side of the street, and work had already been started on a new

building to be used as a library, and without any intention of occupying it as a workshop.

This was completed early in the spring of 1899, a magnificent structure of solid stone, standing two full stories in height, a splendid specimen of honest construction. Its roof is covered with heavy terra-cotta tiling, adding greatly to its architectural beauty, while the interior, with its tiled floors, and its walls handsomely finished in solid Flemish oak; its massive stone fire-places extending from floor to ceiling; its great oak tables and straight-backed chairs, modeled after those of the sixteenth century; the homely, honest andirons, wrought out by Roycroft hands; the dainty water-colors and individual charcoal sketches that light the walls,—all these come upon you like a flood. You marvel at the work of the Roycrofters.

But there is greater to be seen than these—the New Shop, completed just in time for occupancy with the beginning of the new

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century. Like the Library Building, it is constructed of plain old East Aurora boulders, or "hard-heads" as they are called there, trimmed into square blocks by hard, honest blows from sixteen-pound hammers, wielded by Honest Roycrofters. This building, setting well back from the street and surrounded by beautiful lawns, tended by the Immortal Ali Baba, is two hundred and sixty feet in length, sixty feet in width, in form that of an L.

The first story is of stone, the second and gables of English, half-timbered design, while the main or connecting part is four stories, and of solid stone. Like the library, too, the interior of this is finished with the same good taste, in Flemish oak, massive, warm, homelike and comfortable. The second story is an evidence of the artistic in the designer, for this is finished with a simplicity and quaintness rare indeed in these days of cold, cheerless plaster. Here, instead, are two

great rooms, open to peak of the roof; the walls harmoniously treated, the rafters, tie-beams and ridge-poles unfinished beyond the rough shaping with the axe given by the boys as they hewed them in the Roycroft timberlot.

In the basement of this building, high-posted, light and airy, is all the typesetting done; here, too, are the presses, seven in number, run by a powerful engine, and kept busy from morning till night printing the rapidly growing *Philistine*, the *Little Journeys*, and the exquisite *Roycroft Books*. The upper floors are also busy places. In one section the Binder, with his sixty assistants, takes the sheets as they are brought to his room from the printers and illuminators, folding and binding them ready for shipment; in another department are the magazines folded and bound by a large force of girls, who have become skilled in their work, and in another room the large edition of *Little Journeys* has

## *Work*

its care-takers, while still another department is devoted to the mailing and shipping of all Roycroft productions.

To Samuel Warner is due whatever of praise is given the illuminating of the books, for this department is under his supervision, he drawing the designs and laying the colors to be followed. With but one or two exceptions, the large number employed in this work are girls whose entire knowledge of decorating has been obtained during their brief period of work here, and it is safe to say that in no department, save the bindery, has greater improvement been made. There is still a certain crudity in this—a yielding toward the fantastic and the gaudy; but that this is being overcome is evident from some of the latest and best work.

And so in the bindery, the tendency is to abandon the unique in favor of the really artistic, sensible and honest bindings that go to make serviceable books. The limp chamois

with its brilliant silk or satin lining that has made the volume one for the table or glass case, and of questionable artistic merit, is destined to give way to one that may be placed on the shelf of the book-case—a move, surely, in the right direction.

So has the work developed, from the little pastime of two people in 1895 to the great institution of to-day, in which nearly three hundred are employed, doing work that is exceptionally meritorious, in that the real aim is not only to do the best, but to strive continually to improve that work in all its branches.

✓ But the making of books, though the foundation and principal work of the Roycrofters, is not all that is done by them, for from time to time new industries have been added, all of which have become of importance. The first of these was started in 1898, when John Connors, the Saint Jerome of to-day, was discovered by Mr. Hubbard in a small studio at

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Quincy, Massachusetts, and induced to go to East Aurora to establish a department of sculpture and clay-modeling. <sup>which</sup> This has proved quite a success, kilns have been built, and a number of creditable pieces have been produced that have found an eager market. An East Aurora blacksmith was next employed to hammer out a pair of andirons for the fireplace in the little shop. These attracted the attention of enthusiastic visitors, who were glad to pay good prices for similar ones, so this has been developed into an active industry, giving employment to several men. And so it was with the cabinet or carpenter shop. Tables were needed for the workers in the shop, so—it was possibly with an eye toward the future—Mr. Hubbard designed one of generous proportions and unique in form. When built, this attracted the favorable attention of one who cheerfully paid the price asked for it, and now a voluminous catalogue of odd but substantial and really beautiful

furniture tells how important this department has become.

The knitting of rag carpets, the work of several women who had not forgotten their cunning of years gone by, was added a year later, and like all other parts of Roycroft work, it has been profitable to all concerned, employing those who needed work and who were too old to learn anew ; paying them well for this work, and adding materially to the income of the Roycrofters.

Each of the departments of this establishment has been started in a very small way, and by mere chance: the applying for work of the old and young of East Aurora, the questioning as to what he or she could do, the determination as to the adaptability of that work, and the starting at it. This has been the method pursued and that will be followed. No limit has been placed on the possibilities of this institution, which is destined to become one of great commercial and

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industrial importance. There are, even now, several plans being matured for new departments to be developed, the principal one, that of a mill, to be built for the manufacture of paper similar in quality to that now imported by Mr. Hubbard from Holland, on which the Roycroft books are printed.

This mill is to be erected just above the falls of East Aurora's little stream—"the Creek that runs to Ebenezer." A good, old-fashioned water-wheel will furnish the motive-power, and, guided by a few expert Holland paper-makers who will become associated with the Roycrofters for this purpose, East Aurora boys and girls will learn the art of Making hand-made paper, that is to be used exclusively in Roycroft books.

So it may be seen that quite the most important feature of this establishment is that it is a school in which those entirely ignorant of industrial life are Taught How To Do Things, and in the best way possible. Though Mr.

*His*

Hubbard is not radically averse to machinery, this is only employed when it is not antagonistic to labor, and when, by its use, better results may be obtained without sacrificing the "touch of the individual." Handicraft in its best form is preached and practiced by the Roycrofters, and for this reason, more, perhaps, than for any other, is that little colony of three hundred workers a central figure in the life of to-day.

(1907)





**HATEVER** may be the real motive of Mr. Hubbard, the theory of his work is that of socialism—one of the thirty-nine kinds. He has reasoned strongly, and says:

“Socialistic experiments have usually failed through an attempt to start a full-fledged institution. All strong concerns are those that began in a small way and grew because they could not help it, just as boys grow. Violence of direction is fatal to success, and too much anxiety to succeed leads straight to failure. A Commune that begins with a hundred people will surely break very shortly through its own weight; but a co-operative concern that starts with two, and then grows to one hundred or five hundred, taking in new people as their services are required, becomes an amalgamation. It is a collection of strong people, because no man or woman is strong unless he

or she can do something that is useful to other folks.

“Weak people are those who are not useful. If you are going to build a strong tower, you add stone to stone and give your mortar time to set. The Roycroft experiment has taught its founders several lessons, some of which might be noted as follows :

“No one knows what he can do until he tries. Some of the most skilled workers at the Roycroft Shop declared that they had no aptitude for certain work, but beginning at the simple, they gradually worked to the complex without knowing it.

“As the quest is more than the achievement, so is the making of the thing more than the owning it.

“All young people like to make things with their hands, and when they discover that they can make something really useful, they are very happy.

“The mad rage in America to make things

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cheap has, to a degree, been a mistake. There are a great many people who want things beautiful, substantial and unique, and who will pay the price.

“‘Bad People’ are good people who have misdirected their energies.

“Froebel theories and kindergarten methods carried into manhood and applied to manufacturing, is a good policy.”

That he has faith in the practicability of his theories, is evident to all who have followed him in his development of the Roycroft Shop, and though there are many who are skeptical of his work, who ridicule his establishment, they need but to go to East Aurora to find that there is wholesome truth in the many extraordinary reports of the system or lack of system that obtains in this little Socialistic colony.

An air of happiness and contentment is seen on every hand that tells a part of the great secret, and its cause is that each one working

there is his own master—with the knowledge that he is supposed to do the best he can in order to accomplish what he is there for. He knows that whatever he does is for his institution, and so—for himself. He realizes not only that he is a pupil in a great school, with opportunity to gain practical knowledge of how to do things, but that his best is for the good of his school—his Roycroft Shop—the success of which is a matter of importance to him. And to further promote this feeling or desire for each to do the best possible work, in addition to the regular weekly wages, a certain percentage of the profits is laid aside and divided each year by vote of all, in such a way that those are specially rewarded who have done the most for the development of their institution.

If there are Rules and Regulations, they are generally for the benefit of the workers, and one of these is that a fifteen-minute recess be taken in both forenoon and afternoon, it being

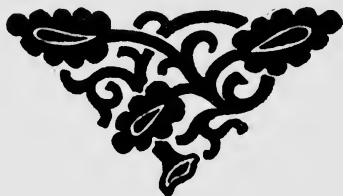
## *Work*

insisted that this time, when the weather permits, be spent in the open air.

This is especially appreciated by the girls, whose work is, at best, confining and tiresome, enabling them as it does to divert their minds, rest their eyes, and breathe in good, wholesome air. For the boys, during these periods, there are games to be played and races to be run; and when "John"—the name by which Mr. Hubbard is generally known at the Shop—is in town, there are long rambles over the beautiful hills and into the woods, in which he is joined by several of the principal Roycrofters and the many visitors, who find these the best and often the only opportunities to talk with the Master Roycrofter.

There is a Roycroft Camp, too, that has been built by the boys, in the great timberlot of the Roycrofters, about three miles from home. This is equipped with all conveniences for having a good time, with plenty to eat and comfortable beds to sleep in, and is occu-

pied largely by the boys of the shop, who do not easily tire of the experiences of "camping out." It is Mr. Hubbard, though, who enjoys this quiet, out-of-the-way spot, and the journey to it, more than any of the others. So it has come to be understood that when he is at East Aurora, the camp is engaged for Saturday nights during the summer and fall months. On these days, with three or four of the leading Roycrofters, he happily trudges over the fields and up the hill, glad, indeed, to get away from the many, that plans for future work may be considered, devised and decided upon by him and those with him.





F more than ordinary importance is the social side of this institution. As it is thought of by a great many as a purely social organization, in which its members may work when they choose and play when they choose, the Roycrofters have been foistered by an idolizing and, perhaps, emotional public into a realm of their own and far above that habited by the rest of mankind. There are others, too, who are inclined to look askance and think with suspicion of East Aurora in general, and of the Roycrofters in particular. They "read between the lines of *The Philistine*," and forming conclusions of their own, wonder that "such a life is allowed." They take Mr. Hubbard's writings altogether too seriously, and judge his free use of words to be freedom of belief, and so, a carelessness of **Morals.**

No greater mistakes could be made, for every incentive is given those working there not only to do their best, but to live in accordance with the laws of right and honor. That this may be accomplished, the many boys and girls are surrounded with an air of art and refinement, and encouraged in every way to aid in making their workrooms more attractive. And they are taught, too, that they are just as truly Roycrofters before and after working-hours as when they are making books and other Roycroft productions. They are taught that the shops and library are theirs; that the doors are never locked, and that in them are good books to be read and lessons to be learned. That they take advantage of these opportunities, is evident from the fact that there may be seen a large number of those who have been at work during the day going to the shop in the evening, some to read, others to study, and others to work on a binding or at illuminating for themselves.

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Quite often the boys in the printing department wish to learn binding, or the girls in the folding-room may wish to learn illuminating, and that they may continue their regular work during the day, efficient instructors are at the shop nearly every evening during the week to teach them. Mr. Kinder, the Leipsic binder, has a class in hand-tooling and leather-working; a skilled artist teaches drawing, sketching, and the use of water-colors; Mrs. Hubbard has several pupils in china-painting, and Saint Jerome instructs those who wish to learn clay-modeling and marble-working.

And there are many other ways by means of which the minds and morals are constantly being improved and the bond of good fellowship strengthened. In the large assembly-room, charmingly furnished, and occupying the greater part of the first floor of the Library Building, a semi-monthly concert is given, and though only Roycroft talent takes part, all East Aurora is invited to attend. Occa-

sional lectures on art and literature are given in this room, and often by speakers of the greatest prominence, who are either chance visitors at the Roycroft Shop or have happily gone there for the purpose of lecturing. There is a reading-club, the members of which follow an outlined course, selected from the writings of the best authors. And probably enjoyed and appreciated fully as much as any of the pleasurable events there, are the lectures and readings of Elbert Hubbard, whose practice it is to talk to them on Sunday evenings when he is at home.

Here, in his every-day dress, for "Sunday is as good as any other day," he reads the writings of others, telling his listeners of them, just as he writes the Little Journeys, so delightful to his readers; or he will give a "Heart-to-Heart Talk," reading from the manuscripts written for future issues of *The Philistine*, and supplemented by strong, wholesome words of advice. As on the other



SAINT JEROME



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occasions, the doors are thrown open to the villagers, some of whom have learned to enjoy these meetings and to appreciate Mr. Hubbard quite as much as do the Roycrofters.

With the completion and occupancy of the New Shop, the "old building," across the street, was remodeled and equipped for a Phalanstery. The basement has been changed into a well-appointed kitchen; the first floor into a dining-hall, where warm noon-day meals are furnished all Roycroft workers free of charge, and where several families closely identified with the shop will take all their meals. A dormitory for men and rooms for the accommodation of visitors are also arranged for in this building, all of which are maintained by the institution. An especially interesting and praiseworthy feature is the kitchen, which is in charge of one skilled in practical hygiene and economics, and she will be a teacher as well, instructing in this

homely, necessary work her assistants, selected each week from the many Roycroft girls.

So these, then, are a few of the advantages enjoyed by the boys and girls of East Aurora, made possible by the wonderful power, genius and executive ability of Elbert Hubbard, who so loves mankind as one great family that—how well his words, as applied to William Morris, may be used here!—"there is only one thing that gives him more joy than to do things with his own hands, and that is to show others how to do things with their hands." This love is, perhaps, more nobly demonstrated by his fearless and consistent democracy, that has eliminated from his vocabulary the word "class," as used to divide people into two distinct bodies because of differences in moral qualities.

The good people of East Aurora, critical, suspicious from the start, of The Bookmakers, were horrified when they learned that one

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who had served time in the state penitentiary had gone to work at the Roycroft Shop; they were indignant when they learned that several, known locally as girls "with a Past," had been taken in to work with "good girls;" they found fault when boys expelled from school—the hoodlums of the village—asked for, and were given employment by Mr. Hubbard; but their tirades and threats and indignation conferences were of no avail. Mr. Hubbard was doing and continued to do just as he pleased, and was quite willing that they attend to their own affairs, and his, too, if they wished.

He taught these social outcasts that they were just as good as others, and better than those who condemned them, and by surrounding them with beautiful things; by giving them care-needing work to do, and by trusting them as all the others were trusted, he has proved the soundness of his theories, by making of the despised and rejected

honest, respectable and thoroughly trustworthy men and women.

“Have you never known the gratitude and affection of a proscribed person? Then you have never known what gratitude and loyalty and love are.”

There are many, very many, who criticise Elbert Hubbard because of things he has written. They hunt for spots in his work and exultingly probe them, but they are criticising and probing the very things he would have commented upon. Their condemnation is of a nature that, though it is deserved, adds to his acquaintances, and so, to the treasury of his establishment.

But they do not touch the man himself, nor are they able to, for he is doing a work that, for real worth, has hardly been surpassed in this country. For the good of others, and with honest, unceasing efforts; bending to his service every energy of mind and body, in these the best years of his life; sacrificing in

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every possible way, that the result strived for may be obtained, he is developing a splendid body of men and women by teaching them how good it is to do work of such merit that it gets what it deserves—the admiration and praise of those for whom it is done.

Those who have heard Elbert Hubbard lecture on “The Work of The Roycrofters,” have learned of Lyle Hawthorne and his rapid advancement from the stranger looking for work, eager to do anything that might be given him to do, to the position of general superintendent of the entire establishment; they have learned of Samuel Warner’s pilgrimage to East Aurora, and his rise to the highest position in the art department; of Minnie Gardner’s development from the untutored girl, who had never seen a box of paints, to one of the most skillful of the book-illuminators, and of the boys who had been expelled from school and consigned to the reformatory, to be saved from entering this

latter institution by seeking and obtaining employment with the Roycrofters, where they have not only been taught the value of labor, but have become good, honest, respected workers.

In relating this, Mr. Hubbard has said: "A boy is expelled from school because he is too big for the school. That is the kind of a boy I like to get hold of, because I know I have found one who is a power. When a boy is expelled from school, there is an acknowledgment on the part of the school that he is bigger than the school. He may be devilish, and they have not time in the daily routine of things to cope with him, and he is turned out. Perhaps he may go wrong if he falls into the wrong hands, but if he falls into the right hands, he will prove a master."

Several other instances have been cited by Mr. Hubbard in his lectures, in all of which the mental and moral growths have been attributed to the theory that "bad people are

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good people who have misdirected their energies."

Because he gives his theories the credit of being judicious—the same theories that have made his story fact, and the Roycroft Shop an institution of prominence,—there are many who are pleased to wisely shake their heads, sneer at the story as a "fairy-tale, smoothly related, but without a semblance of truth," and at the Roycrofters as a "purely commercial body, whose whole aim is money-getting, engineered in its pursuit by its sole owner, Elbert Hubbard, Egotist, who is keenly alive to the humbug-loving tendencies of an emotional public, and who plays that public with the skill of a serio-comic, sure of his gallery."

But they do not know; they apparently cannot understand that in the main his beautiful story is true. Possibly they chafe at his seeming audacity, in charging orchestra prices for the privilege of listening to him as

he advertises Roycroft wares. In this case he is to them the "schemer, brilliantly successful," and they have added their contributions to the general treasury "to perpetuate the fraud, and to add to the individual wealth of one who preaches Socialism for his own emolument."

Is this not so? Is not this thought uppermost in the minds of many who have heard Elbert Hubbard talk, as only he can talk, of his little Colony at East Aurora? Yes, indeed, it is. But have they ever questioned their own opinions as to what was done with the "treasury" to which they have contributed? The answer would possibly deceive them, for deceived they surely are, and in no better way can this be obtained than by knowledge of or a visit to that same little colony at East Aurora.

There it will be easily discovered that the General Treasury is made up not only of lecture receipts, but of magazine subscrip-

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tions, book-returns, the sales of pottery, bronze, marble and clay products from the studio of Saint Jerome; furniture, andirons, chandeliers and rag carpets.

And it may be learned, too, that it is by continuous draft on that necessary treasury, and only because there is a treasury, that the Roycroft Shop has been made what it is: the most beautiful bookmaking establishment in the world. It may be learned that the communistic features, such as the Phalanstery and library, are maintained for the Roycrofters, not for Elbert Hubbard, by further demands on the treasury.

Mr. Hubbard has said, again and again, that the Roycroft Shop is not a charitable institution, but a purely business proposition—an institution in which all employed receive weekly wages the same as in other establishments. This is so; but it is so different from and superior to other establishments that it would be difficult to find one in all the

workers who would leave it for wages elsewhere many times larger than he receives as a member of the Roycrofters. And many now there have had occasion, times without number, to refuse opportunities of this very sort, having unbounded faith in their establishment, and the greatest love and admiration for Elbert Hubbard, whom they judge to be worthy of all the praise that is and can be given him. And they know him better, perhaps, than do those who loudly criticise him : not by his flippant talks in *The Philistine*, but by what he has done and is doing at East Aurora.

A matter, also, worthy of more than passing thought, in forming an estimate of Elbert Hubbard, is the vast amount of work done by him, and the progression, in the matter of workmanship, from the books issued five years ago to those of the present day and degree of excellence. While attention to the many details necessary in this work would

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be the labor of a very busy man, this is but a small part of the work of Mr. Hubbard, who, with an ability to organize equaled by few, and from raw material, has developed this force, capable of producing such excellent results.

Add to these his literary work that, though showing the "marks of the hammer," is keen, original and eminently pleasing to a great number of the most intelligent readers, and in volume far in excess of that done by many whose entire time is spent in similar work. Then must be considered the time spent in his conquest expeditions, or lecture tours, that necessitate his absence from East Aurora quite a third of his time, and some estimate may be formed as to the amount of work it is possible for this one man to do. It is to be wondered at, and almost beyond comprehension.



RIGINALITY is an attribute that is not claimed by Mr. Hubbard, nor does he consider its possession a matter of value or importance. His aim has been to model his own work after that of others who seem to him to be most worthy of emulation. His success lies in a keen judgment and the knowledge of how to adapt the theories and practices of others to his own needs. ✓

As in the manufacture of the several Roycroft productions, he has used, as models, articles of the highest standard of excellence, so in the treatment of those working with him, he has always strived for the best, ever ready to adopt systems that seem to him most practical and advantageous to all concerned.

“The curse of the world is joyless labor,” he has often said, and this belief seems to

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have actuated him in his constant endeavor to surround those working with him with environments that tend to add to their comfort and pleasure, and so, to their joy. And all through his written and spoken words are found strong pleadings for the worker, the sincerity of which is proved by his establishment and the happiness of those with him.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," is preached, and that this may mean something to those to whom it is preached, numerous bath-rooms with tubs and showers have been installed in the several buildings.

"The body, as does the mind, becomes strong through exercise," is taught. The construction of buildings gives many of the boys the needed exercise of those muscles not in active use in their ordinary work, while for others and for the girls there are finely equipped gymnasiums.

Music is advocated as a stimulant, so pianos have been placed in each of the buildings,

and there is scarcely an hour during the day that these are not being played upon, often accompanied by spontaneous whistling or singing on the part of those at work in other parts of the building.

It is doubtful if any of these illustrations are features exclusively of the Roycroft Shop. Most of them, certainly, are employed, and have been for some time, in several other manufacturing establishments in different parts of the country, possibly to be heard of and adopted by Mr. Hubbard. But they are so novel to the great majority of people and seem so distinctively "Hubbardisms," that knowledge of them adds to the reputation, already Mr. Hubbard's, of not only being Different, but a crank and a freak as well; and it might not be well to attempt to argue them out of their conviction, for a goodly portion of the Roycroft success may be directly traced to this very impression or belief.

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Strangely enough, a great many of the East Aurora people belong to the rank and file of Skeptics, and are ready to ask, at any time, "Well, what is that Hubbard, with his Philippine magazine and crowd of freaks, going to do next?"

Again is a man without honor in his own country.

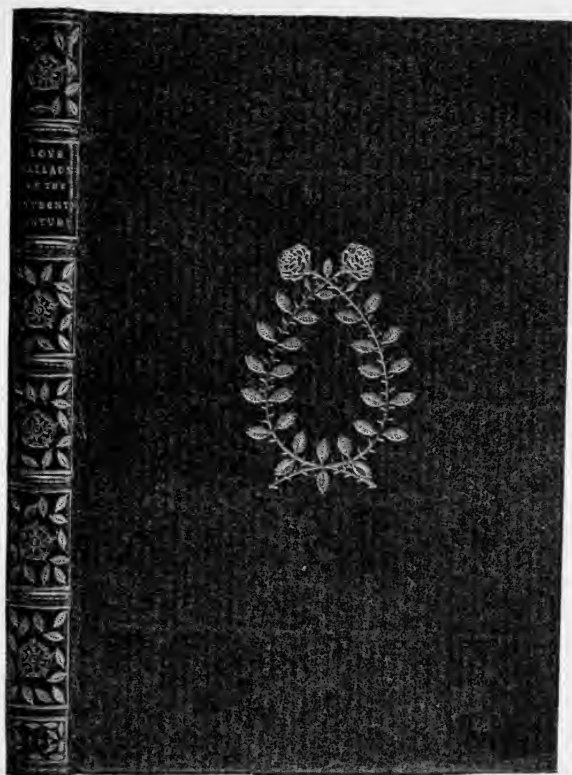
But not the least important of the work done by Elbert Hubbard is that for the little New York village.

A few years ago this was practically unknown save to those living there—farmers, for the most part, without ambition for themselves or their children beyond the desire to live. There were one or two small trading-stores, in one of which was the post office; the Tavern for nightly gossip and the few strangers who might have business there; a small bank, and the customary churches that even now look fearfully and reprovngly upon the Pastor of the Philistines. Slowly,

though, the artistic atmosphere created by the Roycrofters has become of influence to their neighbors. The well-kept lawns of Mr. Hubbard and those of the Shop have, in many cases, caused lawn-mowers to supplant the scythe and the grazing cows and horses. Hitherto neglected houses and barns now tell of the pride of their owners, who have learned how to increase the value of their possessions by the liberal use of paint.

And from a commercial standpoint there has been a wonderful progression, especially pronounced when the fact is taken into consideration that there has been no material increase in the population of the village, owing to the well-known plan of Mr. Hubbard to employ none but "local talent."

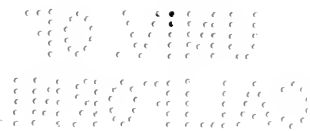
The large amount of money disbursed each week in wages is put into circulation by those receiving it, to such an extent that the merchants have profited greatly. The small



A DE LUXE BINDING

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION



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country stores have been obliged to keep pace with the growing prosperity, to the extent of stocking their establishments with seductive wares; new stores have been opened to share prosperity with the old ones. The small, unimportant post office of five years ago has advanced several classes, necessitating additional employees and the assistance of two of the Roycroft boys, who not only carry the mails from the trains to the post office, but lend their aid in sorting and bundling that part of it—by far the greatest—that is for the Roycrofters.

So in every possible way, this work that so interests the world at large has been of importance to his home and people, developing from an apparent spirit of self-satisfaction an eagerness to follow, or better, to become a part of the procession moving so rapidly toward success.

Should one question East Aurora for this purpose, a great diversity of opinion would be

obtained—as great as in any other place where Mr. Hubbard is known. Those who have profited by the growth of the Roycroft Shop will be found to appreciate what he has done for them, though they will, in many cases, supplement their words of eulogy with the information that he is “queer, and mighty independent.” Those, on the other hand, who have felt none of the symptoms of prosperity are quite ready to talk long and loudly of his short-comings.

But there are other parts of this little village—sections peopled by the feeble and unfortunate—where Elbert Hubbard is really known; where he is praised and blessed for the goodness and mercy known to exist in him, by reason of his deeds of kindness and words of sympathy and good cheer.

There are men and women, too—old, feeble, and unable to provide for themselves,—who have been made “honorary” members of the Roycrofters, with instructions

## *Work*

to cease worrying, and the assurance that envelopes with their wages will be brought them each week.

They know, as do the other Roycrofters and many of the Philistines, that Elbert Hubbard is a Man; that he is in earnest; that he is doing and striving to do a good work, the influence of which has already spread far beyond his village and his state. And they know that he was sincere when he wrote the following, his strong, terse, far-reaching "Credo":

I believe in the Motherhood of God.

I believe in the blessed Trinity of Father, Mother and Child.

I believe that God is here, and that we are as near Him now as we ever shall be. I do not believe He started this world a-going and went away and left it to run itself.

I believe in the sacredness of the human body, this transient dwelling-place of a living soul, and so I deem it the duty of

every man and every woman to keep his or her body beautiful through right thinking and right living.

I believe that the love of man for woman, and the love of woman for man, is holy ; and that this love in all of its promptings is as much an emanation of the Divine Spirit as man's love for God, or the most daring hazards of human mind.

I believe in salvation through economic, social and spiritual freedom.

I believe John Ruskin, William Morris, Henry Thoreau, Walt Whitman and Leo Tolstoy to be Prophets of God, and they should rank in mental reach and spiritual insight with Elijah, Hosea, Ezekiel and Isaiah.

I believe we are now living in Eternity as much as we ever shall.

I believe that the best way to prepare for a future life is to be kind, live one day at a time, and do the work you can do the best, doing it as well as you can.

## *Work*

I believe there is no devil but fear.

I believe that no one can harm you but yourself.

I believe that we are all sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.

I believe in freedom—social, economic, domestic, political, mental, spiritual.

I believe in every man minding his own business.

I believe that men are inspired to-day as much as men ever were.

I believe in sunshine, fresh air, friendship, calm sleep, beautiful thoughts.

I believe in the paradox of success through failure.

I believe in the purifying process of sorrow, and that death is a manifestation of Life.

I believe the Universe is planned for good.



STORY of this institution would be incomplete indeed without some mention of William Wallace Denslow of Chicago, a man who has done much in moulding its developing, particularly in the art department.

Though not a member of the Roycrofters, in the sense of being settled in East Aurora and devoting all his time to the work there, he has been, for several years, a Roycrofter at heart, and to him, more than to any other man, excepting Mr. Hubbard, are due the individuality and originality that have made those East Aurora productions so charmingly attractive. He is an artist of positive merit, brilliant in ideas, and wonderfully facile in the work of caricature.

His first knowledge of the Roycroft Shop was in 1896, when, as he has said, "I heard

## *Work*

that a man in East Aurora had published 'The Songs of Solomon,' so I learned his name and sent for the book, by letter enclosed in a low-comedy envelope done in water-color. Mr. Hubbard saw, by the work, that I could do something that he needed to have done, and he told me so by letters, so written that I knew he was a great, strong man who could do me much good, and I did not have to be greatly urged to go to East Aurora with my paints and brushes, to give him of the best in me."

That quaint little sea-horse, or hippocampus, so familiar to the readers of *The Philistine*, and for years the sign of the Roycrofters, is the work of "Den," and has been his own signature for many years. Then, too, the unique drawings on the back cover of the magazine of two and three years ago, and his inimitable book-plates in caricature, the original drawings of which are to be seen neatly framed and hung on the

walls of the Shop, have made his name one that will always be associated with the Roycrofters, and most pleasantly too. The subjects of these have all felt the stab of Mr. Hubbard's satire, and Denslow has so caricatured them that they will not be forgotten. There is the whiskered preacher, coatless, lying on his back and juggling with his feet a barrel labeled "Truth." Mr. Hubbard has been drawn as attempting to pull himself up by his boot-straps. "The Charge of the Rough Writers" shows an army of "heavy writers," riding hobby-horses, and charging madly at the public; and perhaps as keen as any of these drawings is that depicting Stephen Crane, in full-dress suit and diamonds, cordially greeting His Satanic Majesty as he discovers him coming up through a hole in the floor. Many others may be easily recalled—all delightful, true in delineation, and inoffensive to subject.

In serious work he is quite as skilled,

## *Work*

and in many of the most beautiful of the Roycroft books may be found his initials, illuminations, title-pages and cover-designs. Those in the "Opium Eater," "Ancient Mariner," "As It Seems to Me," "Ballads of a Bookworm," "Sonnets of Shakespeare," "The Deserted Village," "House of Life," "The Rubaiyat," and "Friendship," are specially good.

A busy man, whose services are highly valued by many publishers, Mr. Denslow has always found it possible and a pleasure to visit East Aurora, generally for a month at a time, when he is needed there. His thorough knowledge of bookmaking has made him a valuable adviser in nearly every department of the Shop. As an architect, too, he has shared with Mr. Hubbard the designing of the Roycroft buildings, his portion being the Library, that beautiful structure of which they are all so proud.

He is one of the strong men who have

made the Roycroft Shop what it is. He is one whose judgment is excellent; whose opinion is worth while; whose ability is unquestioned.

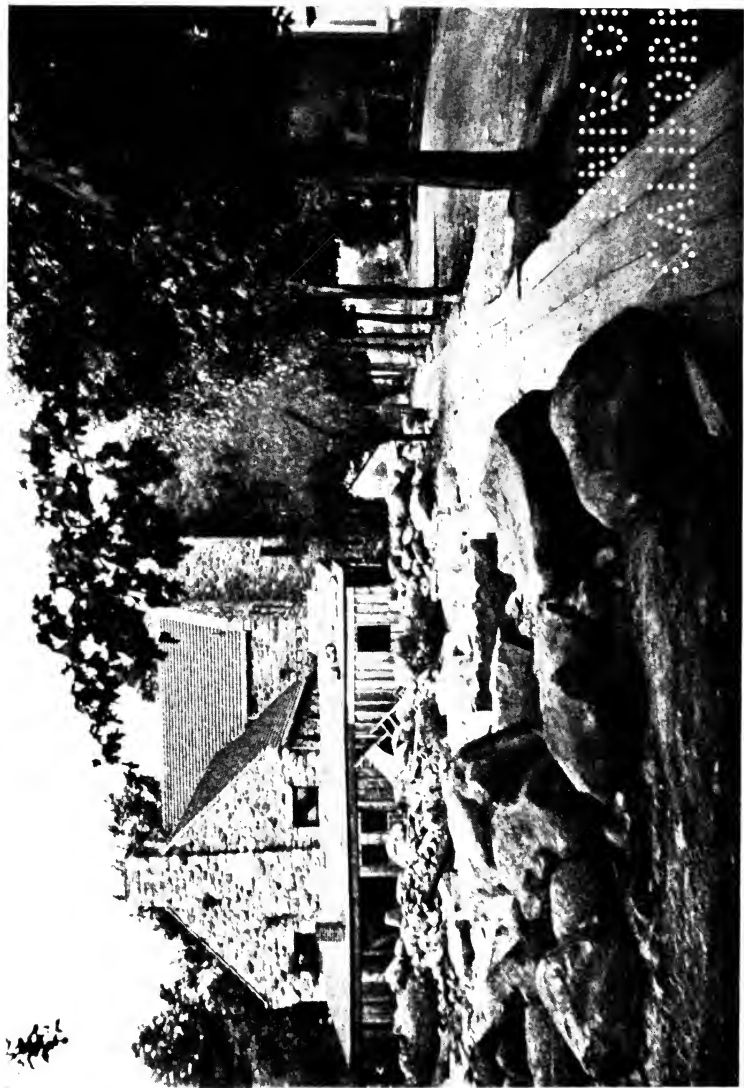
His association with Elbert Hubbard has been such that he knows him well, perhaps more intimately than any other man; so what better words than these, to tell of him—these words of Denslow?

“Of more value to me than all else I have received for my work there, is the good that has been done me because of being thrown against so strong and fine a character as is this same robust philosopher of East Aurora. His mind is strong; he is healthy, and he has the goods (gray matter) to deliver. He is Good. So, long may he live, and may his Success be complete!”

*HIS WORDS*







ROYCROFT LIBRARY AND EAST AURORA BOULDERS.



**T**HAT the writings of Elbert Hubbard are strong, is due to their individuality—the same individuality that is so pronounced in all his other work. His phraseology is natural, unstilted and unstudied, while his words are selected for their strength and subtlety rather than for elegance or ornateness.

He has said: "How do I write? Anyway and anywhere, but for the most part on the train, where there is no one to bother me. I endeavor to write naturally, as one would talk, for that is most readable and most easily understood. There are public speakers who spar for time; there are writers who spar for words, with a dictionary at hand, a generous amount of space to be filled, and an idea that could be put very comfortably into a short sentence. They are afflicted with a common but terrible disease—verbosity."

It is this contempt for wordiness that has had the greatest influence in moulding Mr. Hubbard's writings, making them of exceptional interest and most readable.

So, into this part of the book devoted to "Extracts

From His Writings," have been gathered almost entirely from *The Philistine*, and without thought as to classification, many words of his that seem characteristic of him. His philosophy is that of one who understands and enjoys Emerson; his satire is that of Thackeray; his wit is as subtle as Beecher's, and there is an occasional suggestion of Hearne or Le Galliene in some of the sweet, tender articles that are most pleasing.



## Extracts From His Writings



**W**E no longer accept the doctrine that our natures are rooted in infamy, and that the desires of the flesh are cunning traps set by Satan, with God's permission, to undo us. We believe that no one can harm us but ourselves; that sin is misdirected energy; that there is no devil but fear, and that the Universe is planned for good. On every side we find beauty and excellence held in the balance of things unknown; that work is a blessing; that Winter is as necessary as Summer; that Night is as useful as Day, and death is a manifestation of life, and just as good. We believe in Now and Here. We believe in you, and we believe in a power that is within ourselves that makes for righteousness.

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**H**ELL is a separation, and heaven is only a going-home to our friends.

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**T**HIS life is full of gladness, and mayhap it is the gateway to another; and to live well here, is surely the best preparation for a life to come. God is good, and we are not afraid.

**I** KNOW not what others may say, but as for me, my single self, the Great Big Black Things that loomed against the horizon, threatening to devour me, simply loomed, and nothing more. The things that really made me miss my train were soft, silky, pleasant, pretty things of which I was not the least afraid.

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**I** RATHER like the world. The flesh is pleasing and the Devil does not trouble me.

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**A** RETENTIVE memory is a great thing, but the ability to forget is the true token of Genius.

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**I** BELIEVE in every man working for the good of self. He works for the good of all.

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**I** DO not believe in bolts or bars, or brutality. I make my appeal to the divinity in men, and they, in some mysterious way, feeling this, do not fool me.

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**B**RUTALITY tends to defeat itself. Prize-fighters die young, gourmands get the gout, hate hurts worse the man who uses it, and all selfishness robs the mind of its divine insight, and cheats the soul that would know. Mind alone is eternal. He watching over Israel slumbers not, nor sleeps. My faith is great.

## *Words*

**I**F there is any better way to teach virtue than by practicing it, I do not know it.

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**I** DOUBT the wisdom of being too wise, and I see much wisdom in some folly.

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**S**EX holds first place in the thought of God. Its glory pervades and suffers all nature. It is sex that gives the bird its song, the peacock its glorious plumage, the lion its mane, the horse his proud arch of neck and flowing tail. Aye, it is sex causes the flowers to draw from the dull earth those delicate perfumes that delight the sense of smell. It is sex alone that secures to them the dazzling galaxy of shapes and colors that reflect the infinite.

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**S**OCIETY does not punish those who sin, but those who sin and conceal not wisely.

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**H**OW sharper than a serpent's tooth is an irascible parent? 'Tis foolish to quarrel. Love while you can, and forgive while yet you may. To pardon is the privilege only of the living. A cause is the next to a reason to be, and when you have that you are ready to recognize whatever exists as a part of the constitution of things; and to chant the solemn processional of the Prophet of the Pentameters, "Whatever is, is right."

**T**HOSE who do unlawful acts are no more sinners in the eyes of God than we who think them.

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**A** SO-CALLED bad woman is usually one whose soul is rent in an awful travail of prayer to God, that she may get back upon solid footing and lead an honest life.

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**F**ADDISH indeed is the prophet that would advocate a course of sin as preparation for a higher life. And yet foolish and false is the man who does not know that without sin there can be no profession.

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**T**HE woman who can save society is the one whom society thrusts out, knowing the shallowness, and worthlessness, and nothingness of the sordid world of sense and show. She might lead her sisters out into a higher life, the life of the spirit, but the cry is ever, "Away with her."

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**T**HE best of life is not to be gotten from the ownership of many things: it comes from work well done.

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**A** CHEERFUL resignation is always heroic, but no phase of life is so pathetic as a forced optimism.

## *Words*

**S**IN is only perverted power. The man without the capacity to sin, neither has the ability to do good. Isn't that so? His soul is a Dead Sea that supports neither amœbæ nor fish; neither noxious bacilli nor useful life.

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**T**HE individual who does a great and magnificent work is on close terms with God.

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**F**OR good old ladies who prick the Bible for a message, I have a profound sympathy: the Sacred Page fits every mood, and that's why it is immortal.

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**U**P to this date I have managed to down the rising voice of Conscience by the specious plea that a double standard of truth is justifiable in the present condition of society. In morals I have been a bi-metallist.

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**T**HE inspirations of to-day are the shams of to-morrow—the purpose has departed and only the dead form of custom remains.

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**A** SMOOTH lawn with terra-cotta dogs gives a peace to the possessor that even religion cannot lend.

LITERATURE obeys the law; its orbit is an eclipse. The illustrious names in letters are those of men who have stood at aphelion or perihelion and waved the flaming comet back. The so-called great poets are men stationed by Fate at these pivotal points. As the fire burns brightest when the wind is high, so these men, facing mob majorities, have, through opposition, had their intellects fanned into a flame.

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THE great man is not so great as folks think, and the dull man not so stupid as he seems. The difference in our estimate of men lies in the fact that one man is able to get his goods into the show-window, and the other is not aware that he has either show-window or goods.

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THE great orator always shows a dash of contempt for the opinions of his audience, and the great writer is he who loses self-consciousness and writes himself down as he is, for at the best analysis, all literature is a confession.

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THERE will doubtless be a certain mental drift or tendency in a thinker, but until one abandons his reason and barter his birthright for a mess of assuring pottage, his belief is in a state of flux, and sedimentation does not take place.

## *Words*

**I**F the next century added not a dollar to the world's material wealth, nor a single discovery in science, nor a new mechanical appliance, it might be just as well or better for the sons of earth. It would give the spiritual an opportunity to catch up. If you have read the history of nations dead and gone, you know that their prosperity was at its highest when they felt most secure—then it was their foundations crumbled.

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**A** HIGHER civilization will build on the ruins of this, and a universal, sublime attainment will yet come. When it does arise it must come as every sublime attainment now comes and has ever come—through the conservation of an energy that the respectable mob-million now degrades.

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**P**EOPLE who portray every earthy, earthly passion have lived a part of them at least. If Byron had been somebody else, he would not have written the Corsair or Don Juan. The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on; nor all your tears shall not blot a line of it.

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**N**OTHING is so pleasant as to air our worldly wisdom in epigrammatic nuggets. To sit quiet and listen to another do it—well, that's another matter.

**W**E are unable to fully reconcile the events of life with any satisfactory theory of government of the universe. Let us be frank. For all we know, this life is the sum of existence for us. There is no proof of a future life. True, we feel a certain confidence in Eternal Justice, and, loving our friends, we hope to meet them again after death. But God's ways are past finding out, and all we can do is to make the best of the conditions as they surround us. Whenever any good comes our way, let us enjoy it to the fullest. It is better to be absolutely honest, and admit that we do not know. Speak to-day what you think is true, and contradict it all to-morrow, if necessary.

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**T**HE man who sets out to assist others should first be able to walk alone, and yet it is a fact that the people who are ever talking and telling of helping others, are puny fellows with a squinting little eye focused on the main chance. By helping others and telling of it, they hope to help themselves.

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**W**ERE lawyers abolished to limbo, stealing would then be limited to lifting portable things; but now we wrest from other men the rights of generations unborn.

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**A** CRIMINAL:—one who does by illegal means what all the rest of us do legally.

## *Words*

**I**T is a humiliating fact that great men are not capable of transmitting their genius to their sons. In fact, genius never comes from the male parent. On the contrary, all the mean traits of character seem to be supplied to their sons by great men, while the characteristics that have made the father famous are entirely wanting. Truth, honor and courage are less frequently transmitted from the father to the son than the baser passions. Physically the same thing is seen. Men of splendid physique, form and stature rarely beget sons of equal perfection. A man will often transmit a disease or a tendency to it, but not a well-developed muscular system.

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**M**AN is a lonely creature. He stands by himself, independent even of the parents who begot him. Even they do not know him. There are recesses in the nature of living persons into which no eye ever penetrates. There are traits of character no glimpse of which is obtained. Paternity is an insignificant office after all—not worth boasting of.

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**G**ENIUS is a capacity for evading hard work.

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**A** GOOD life, for its own sake, is ever pleasing to honest men, but a patched-up record, never.

THE scientist who now takes off his shoes knows that the place whereon he stands is holy ground. Science is reverent and speaks with lowered voice, for she has caught glimpses of mysteries undefinable, and to her have come thoughts that are beyond speech. Science cultivates the receptive heart and hospitable mind, and her prayer is for more light, and to that prayer the answer is even now coming.

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PHILOSOPHY rests on the proposition that whatever is, is right. Preaching begins by assuming whatever is, is wrong. There have been peacemakers who sought to bring about an agreement in this, and they have shared the usual fate of peacemakers.

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IF you do good to a man, look not for Gratitude, for you have discovered his weakness. You know his nothingness and he'll never forgive that.

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THE province of art is not to present a specific message, but to impart a feeling.

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UNDER right conditions, church-going is to be commended. You must be very careful, however, and visit the church during week days, or at such hours when the preacher is not there.

## *Words*

**L**OVE asks help of another. It demands the sympathy of one with whom we may walk, hand in hand. It means frailty and, paradoxically, it means strength, for only as we admit our insufficiency can we gain power. We win by abandonment. Alone, a man is a leaf in a storm, but to love and be loved is to ally ourselves with the forces of nature, to be grappled with our kind; through them to the Universe, with hoops of steel. Thus is weakness allied to strength.

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**P**HILOSOPHY tells us that beauty is of use. The blossom is radiant with color, that the bees may visit it and carry the fertilizing pollen that perpetuates flowers and trees. Human beauty and majesty of intellect serve the mental attraction of the sexes. Virtue economizes life. Worship colors the soul. Thought cures the wear of existence.

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**C**ALVINISM was good, but it had several advantages. For one thing, it gave you peace by supplying a hell for your rivals and enemies.

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**C**OMPLETE success alienates man from his fellows, but suffering makes kinsmen of us all.

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**A**SSERTED humility is only egotism turned wrong-side out.

**L**OVE is vital. Love is creation. It is love that shapes the plastic clay into shapes divinely fair. Love carves all statues, writes all poems, paints all canvases that glorify the walls where color revels; sings all the songs that enchant one's ears. Without love the earth would echo only with cries of pain; the sun would shine only to show us grief; each rustle of the wind among the leaves would be a sigh, and all flowers fit only to garland graves.

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**W**HILE it is a mooted question whether a man's offspring after the flesh are heirs to his mental and spiritual qualities, it is very sure that the children of his brain are partakers in whatever virtue his soul possesses.

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**W**E learn only in times of joy and grief. The teacher who can give his pupils pleasure in their work shall be crowned with laurels; but grief is the unwelcome gift of the gods alone.

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**T**HE wide domain of happiness has never been fully traversed, but sorrow has been surveyed and known in every port.

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**F**ALLING in love is a matter of intermittent propinquity; the cure for it, propinquity.

## *Words*

**I**NTELLECTUAL sermons and appeals to logic, I am inclined to think, do little good. As for myself, I feel I would now be a better man had I never heard a single sermon in all my forty hard winters. The preachers who have rubbed me the wrong way of the fur are the men who at the Last Day will be held responsible for my chief short-comings.

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**U**NDER present conditions, a preacher is merely an attorney for the defense—a paid minor—often on half rations, powerless to express his better self; preaches only goose dogma that a goose is fore-ordained to be roasted.

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**C**REEDS never can be changed. They simply become obsolete and are forgotten. They turn to dust and are thrown away on the four winds of heaven.

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**T**HERE is no excellence, per se, in poverty. Rags are no recommendation, and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed any more than all poor men are virtuous.

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**S**YMPATHY is the first attribute of love as well as the last, and I am not sure but that sympathy is love's own self, vitalized, mayhap, by some divine actinic ray.

✓  
TO make a beautiful thing is a far greater achievement than to own it. The producer is of more value and interest than the buyer. But in these later days we have, to a degree, lost sight of this fact, and in our frantic efforts to please the buyer, we have ignored, sacrificed and scorned the producer. Man, like Deity, creates in his own image. And if you grind all the personality out of a man and make him but a machine, you are hastening the death of Art, for Art is born of individuality. ✓

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THE question of how to express your life will probably never dawn, for the reason that men vary in temperament and inclination. Some have no capacity for certain sins of the flesh, and others there be who, having lost their inclination for sensuality through too much indulgence, turn ascetics. Yet all sermons have but one theme : how shall life be expressed ? Between asceticism and indulgence, men and nations swing.

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BUT the law of antithesis exists, the paradox lives, life is a spiral ; and possibly when all things are made plain, we who have gloried in woman but one virtue, will find that De Quincey and Le Gallienne were right : that woman who understands is the Magdalene, who, from the purging fires of purgatory, completes the circle and arises pure and spotless, recognizing Deity incarnate when all others blindly fail.

## *Words*

**M**ARRIAGE is only a way-station. Trains may stop two minutes or twenty minutes for lunch. The place may be an ugly little cross-roads or it may be a beautiful village; possibly it is the end of the division, but egad! dearie, it's not the end of the journey. Very young people think it is, but they find out their mistake. It's a nice place very often, but not the place they thought it was. They bought one thing, and when they got home found something else in the package. And nature will not change. That's God's fault, not hers.

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**L**OVE is progression. It hastens onward like a brook hurrying to the sea. They say love is blind. Love may be short-sighted or inclined to strabismus, or see things all out of their true proportion, magnifying pleasant little ways into seraphic virtues; but love is not really blind—the bandage is never so tight but that it can peep.

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**L**ONELINESS is not being alone, for then ministering spirits come to soothe and bless. Loneliness is to endure the presence of one who does not understand.

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**T**HE memory of a great love can never die from out the heart. It affords ballast 'gainst all the storms that blow. And although it ends in unutterable sadness, it imparts an unspeakable peace.

**I**N civilized countries the state probates the individual, and then, through lack of exercise, the individual in time loses the capacity to protect himself. Our forefathers who wrestled with wind and storm, and dared the elements, or faced wild beasts, or savage men as wild, laughed at danger. They went into battle with stouter hearts than we take to the dentist.

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**W**HEN rewards are distributed the woman gets one-half the pay the man does; and if disgrace is given out, she bears it all. So far as I recall, no mob ever tried to heave stones at a man because he had sinned.

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**A**S for elegance, let him who attempts it leave all hope behind; he is already damned. The elegance of an art must spring unconsciously from the gracious soul within.

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**M**ANY a man's reputation would not know his character if they met on the street.

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**T**HE recipe for perpetual ignorance: be satisfied with your opinions, and content with your knowledge.

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**A** WOMAN can forgive a beating, but to be forgotten —never.

## *Words*

**D**RINK in the ozone, bathe in the sunshine, and out in the silent night, under the stars, say to yourself again and yet again, "I am a part of all my eyes behold." And the feeling will surely come to you that you are no mere interloper between earth and sky, but that you are a necessary particle of the whole. No harm can come to you that does not come to all, and if you shall go down, it can only be amid the wreck of worlds.

---

**T**HEY call themselves Christians, but Christ opposed war, never took up a collection, accepted no salary, founded no church, had no ritual, wore no mitre nor robe of office. He did not belong to the Superior Class; did not even take pains to associate with respectable people.

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**G**REAT sinners are apt to be very religious, and, conversely, the best men who have ever lived have been at war with established religions. And, further, the best men are never found in churches.

---

**F**ROM Columbus searching a Northern passage to the rustic swain who follows with such fidelity in the wake of a petticoat, all are the sports of Fate.

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**T**HE more points at which you touch humanity the more friends you have; the greater influence.

**E**ACH man thinks his own experience unique, peculiar, distinctive. He belongs to a class, of course—but a very small and select class—just as all lovers are sure that such love as theirs never before existed. And thus adown the centuries, from the days of Solomon and his Shulamite, shepherdess lovers have strolled, hand in hand, chanting the lovers' litany: "Love like ours can never die."

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**A**T the last nothing is very serious. Mortals give things an importance quite beyond their gravity. We shall slide out of this life into another, and the day of our death, like the day of our birth, will be shrouded in forgetfulness. And if we remember any of our trials and troubles, it will be only to smile that they should have cost us a pang.

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**W**E awaken in others the same attitude of mind that we hold toward them.

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**W**HEN a man talks much about a virtue, be sure he is clutching for it. Temperance fanatics are men with strong tastes for drink trying hard to keep sober.

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**T**HE woman who cannot evolve a good lie in defense of the man she loves is unworthy the name of wife.

## *Words*

**T**HE woman who is to complement the man of intellect and soul, must be the woman who understands. He cannot teach her life is too short. She should comprehend without explanation that sex must not run rampant; neither need it be subdued, but it must be spirit, vitalized. If she allows mere intuitions to lead her she is a vampire, and in a very short time will hold her mate only by a statutory bond, for here is a case where woman's broadest intuition leads straight to ashes and desolation. And even though a bishop in full canonicals has solemnized a riot of the passions, and little girls in white have gone before throwing flowers, love's death surely follows license.

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**T**HE old world may be wrong, but it cannot be righted in a day, and so long as a man chooses to live in Society he must conform to Society's usages. The old ways that have done good service all these years cannot be replaced by the instantaneous process. If changed at all, they must change as man changes, and man must change first. Man must be reformed, not customs.

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**I**NFIDELS do not revile Christians to the same extent that Christians revile each other.

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**M**EN do not differ much in virtue. Their vices only are different.

**F**EAR is the rock on which we split, and hate is the shoal on which many a bark is stranded. When we are fearful, the judgment is as unreliable as the compass of a ship whose hold is full of iron ore; when we hate, we have unshipped the rudder. And if we stop to meditate on what gossips say, we have allowed a hauser to befoul the screw.

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**P**REACHERS have told us that we should reform in order to be prepared for death. The wise teacher tells men that they should forsake sin to prepare for life.

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**E**VERY life is its own excuse for being, and to deny and refute the untrue things that are said about you is an error in judgment.

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**E**VERY item in the decalogue can be legally broken, and the chief business of the lawyer is to tell you how.

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**S**MALL men understand women and are able to cope with caprice, but the guileless great fall an easy prey to the designing.

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**M**EN who are woefully lax in their marriage relations, are very apt to regard their wives with suspicion.

## *Words*

**T**HE only way to secure friends is to be one. And before you are fit for friendship, you must be able to do without it. That is to say, you must have sufficient self-reliance to take care of yourself, and then of the surplus of your energy, you can do for others.

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**J**UST imagine what the reputation of Jesus would have been had He lived to be eighty and had been pensioned by the estate of Joseph, and then had finally died in a home for superannuated ministers. Still, would not the words He uttered at thirty have been as true?

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**V**OLTAIRE says: "When a woman is no longer acceptable to man, she turns to God." When a man is no longer acceptable to himself, he goes to church.

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**W**HEN you do a splendid piece of work and express your best, then comes to you as reward an exaltation of soul, a sublimity of feeling that puts you en rapport with the Infinite. A formal religion brings this feeling without your doing anything useful, therefore it is unnatural.

---

**Y**ES, Faith, you are right ; when a man has reached the so-called jumping-off place of despair, he discovers that by God's providence the world's round.

THE heaven and hell and dramatis personæ of "Paradise Lost" have served the pulpit of Christendom in good stead for two hundred years. And it is a curious fact, illustrating the Eternal Paradox of Things, that the writer, whose influence beyond all others colored the religion of the civilized world, was a believer in religion only as a good police system, or a convenient and suitable literary scheme.

---

IF you carry any possession from this world to the next, it is the memory of a great love.

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MARTYRS and persecutors are usually cut off the same piece. They are the same type of man. And looking down the century, they seem to have shifted places easily. As to which is the persecutor and which the martyr, this is only a question of transient power. They are constantly teaching the trick to each other, just as scolding parents have saucy children.

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THOUGHT is supreme, and to think is often better than to do.

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DO not hesitate to work on Sunday just as you would think good thoughts if the spirit prompt you. For work is at the last only the expression of the thought, and good work is religious.

## *Words*

**I**N all countries the marriage certificate is the special property of the woman. The man regards it with the mingled indifference and contempt that he does a mortgage held by another fellow.

---

**L**ET a man see himself as others see him, and all enthusiasm vanishes from his heart; when that is gone he might as well die at once, for enthusiasm is the one necessary ingredient in the recipe for doing good.

---

**D**ESPAIR pushed far enough completes the circle and becomes peace—a peace like unto security. It is the last stage; hope is gone, but the comforting thought of heroic death and eternal peace takes its place.

---

**T**HE state assuming to say who shall separate, should also have a little something to say about who shall marry.

---

**S**O long as governments set the example of killing their enemies, private individuals will occasionally kill theirs; so long as men are clubbed, robbed, imprisoned, disgraced by the governing class, just so long will the idea of virtue in brutality be born in the souls of men.

**C**HASTITY and temperance are negative virtues and therefore not necessary virtues at all. Do something; do something worth while; be somebody, and do not imagine that Heaven's Gate will ever open at your approach if you are merely an abstainer. Do not consume your energy resisting temptation, else you will go to hell sure.

---

**B**Y the use of logic, anything can be proven. I could take you to Christian pulpits next Sunday where arson, theft and murder are justified with all the zeal and eloquence that Andover training can bestow. They call it patriotism and Bearing the White Man's Burden.

---

**W**ITHOUT law, no little souls, fresh from God, would be branded illegitimate as soon as they reach earth. Without law there would be less liars, no lawyers, fewer hypocrites, and no Devil's Island.

---

**M**ORTALS do not merely like each other because they like each other. Such a bond is tenuous as a spider's thread. I love you because you love the things I love.

---

**T**HE millennium will never come until the government cease governing and the meddlers are at rest.

## *Words*

**W**OMEN make shrill outcries at the sight of a mouse; men curse roundly when large blue-bottle flies disturb their after-dinner naps; but let occasion come, and the stuff of which heroes are made is in us all. I think well of my kind.

---

**I**T is suspecting too much to suppose that nature can look out for such a trifle as that the right man shall marry the right woman. Nature possibly never considered a time contract, and she's a tired jade anyway. She moves blindly along, with no thought to the individual.

---

**B**UT the true type of the artful dodger is the theologian. In the quarrel about grace—who can understand its nature; its operation—the sufficiency that is not sufficient and the efficacy which is ineffectual?

---

**T**HE experience which theologians call the Fall, is repeated in life. The yearning to be grown-up is in every child's heart. It is the impetus of self-conscious ambition. With its realization comes exile. "Know thyself," is a form of the tempest's plea to them, and knowledge is forfeiture.

---

**C**OMPLACENCY is the unpardonable sin. "Now I'm sure of it," has at that moment lost it.

**A** MAN relates that he found in the South Sea Islands a tribe of savages so meagre in intelligence that they could not lie. In other words, the thought of deception, untruth, affectation, or pretence, had never come to them. However, there were neighboring islands where missionaries of several denominations had settled. And there the savages were not sunk quite so low.

---

**M**AN on earth is good or bad as mood moves him. In color his acts are seldom pure white, neither are they black, but generally of a steel gray.

---

**T**O the man who painfully asks himself the question, "To be or not to be?" and finally decides "not to be," it must be a bit aggravating to wake up on the other side and find that he died simply because he had lived out the number of his days.

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**A** STATE church and a standing army always go together. Where there is much outward show of religion, many bayonets are needed to uphold its dignity.

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**P**RIESTS are not allowed to marry, because if they did, the secrets of the confessional would be called over back fences the next day.

## *Words*

**T**HE Messianic Instinct first had its germ in the heart of a woman. Every woman dreams of the coming of the Ideal Man—the man who will give her protection, even to the giving up of his life for her and vouchsafe peace for her soul.

---

**T**HE chief offense of some philosophers is that the world as it is does not please them. They are like a guest who yawns and scowls and sneers—he is quite determined he will not have a good time, and what is more, he will not allow others to.

---

**N**ATURE is terribly masterful in her efforts to achieve. She makes a thousand apple-blossoms to get one apple, and as yet we do not know just the exact ingredients or proportions that God puts into the alembic of life when He wishes to create a Great Soul.

---

**O**UR speech is intelligible only to our own. I enter into no arguments and deal in no apologetics. If you do not comprehend me without explanations, you never will with ; explanations do not explain, and arguments very seldom convince.

---

**T**O talk well is a talent ; but to be a good listener is a fine art. If I were a woman and wished to win the love of a man, I'd cultivate the art of listening.

**M**EN deeply immersed in their work, whose lives are concentrated to doing things, who are simple, honest and sincere, want no formal religion, need no priest or pastor, and seek no gratification outside their daily lives. All they ask is to be let alone—they wish only the privilege to work.

---

**I**N a degree, the race is yet barbaric, and as a people we fail utterly to touch the hem of the garment of Divinity. We have been mired in the superstition that sex is unclean, and therefore honesty and frank expression in love matters has been tabooed.

---

**I**F you have ceased to be moved by religious emotion, no longer dwell on poetry, and are not swayed by music, it is because the love instinct in you has withered to ashes of roses.

---

**I**F you would have friends, first learn to do without them.

---

**S**PEAK well of every one if you speak of them at all. None of us is so very good.

---

**A**LL things come through desire, and every sincere prayer is answered. We become like that on which our hearts are fixed.

## *Words*

**W**OMAN first discovered that the fruit of knowledge was good to look upon, good to eat, and fairly digestible; and for the example of eating, sensible men are all grateful. Woman has always divided that which was good with her mate, and when she helped man to knowledge she simply tumbled onto a good thing and pushed it along.

---

**D**ON'T be selfish. If you have something you do not want, and know someone who has no use for it, give it to that person. In this way you can be generous without expenditure of self-denial and also help another to be the same.

---

**O**F all things avoid excuses. "Be not righteous over much," he says, "but recognize that a line of conduct that may be right under one condition may be evil when pushed too far."

---

**O**H! this game of life is a great play: the blissful uncertainty of it all; the ambitions, plans, strivings, heartaches, mad desires, and vain reaching out of empty arms; the tears, the bitter disappointments, the sleepless nights, the echoes of prayers unheard, and the hollow hopelessness of love turned to hate.

---

**T**RUTH is so mighty that its potency has sometimes turned the heads of those who taught it.

**I**F, then, everything in the world happened because something else happened, a thousand years ago or yesterday, and the result could not possibly be different from what it is—why besiege heaven with prayers? The answer is simple. Prayer is an emotion of exercise or endeavor to bring the will into a state of harmony with the Divine Will—a rest, a composure that gives strength by putting us in a position to partake of the strength of the Universe.

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**T**HERE is something in all ownership—the desire to seize upon a thing and hold it for our exclusive benefit, that taints the soul. The higher and better and more splendid the thing we desire to own, the greater the penalty.

---

**L**OVE goes to those who are deserving, not to those who set snares for it and lie in wait. The life of strife and contest never wins. He that saveth his life shall lose it; he who seeketh to be exalted shall be abused. Would you be loved? Then be worthy and God will give you all.

---

**O**NE can bear grief, but it takes two to be glad.

---

**M**EN are only great when they have sympathy. Imagination is sympathy in motion.

## *Words*

**M**ARY, favored of Women, visited by an angel in a dream, and thus the immaculate conception. Ah! sweet, sad Venus Dolorosa, mother of God, the story told over and over again by trusting, loving maidens since history began, touches all that is divinest and best in us; that which is beyond speech. Who is the father of the Babe, fair maid? No, no, thou needst not answer; an Angel came to thee in a dream; it is enough, say no more. To thee and thy love child we bring gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh, to thee and thy Babe we bend the knee.

---

**C**OMEDY and tragedy have the same source, differing only in degree or depending on one's point of view. A small lack of right adjustment causes laughter; a great one, tears.

---

**F**OR the most part travelers who complain loudly on account of lack of luxuries, live on dock-greens and corn-bread at home.

---

**A**ND the worst part about making a soldier of a man is not that a soldier kills brown men, or white men, but that he loses his own soul.

---

**N**O woman is either wise or good until destiny has subdued her by grinding her fondest hopes in dust.

**A**ND as the years go by and count themselves with the eternity that lies behind, I shall not be here; and she will do as I have done and as you have done—stand by an open grave and ask in anguish: “If a man die, shall he live again?” And the falling clouds will give no sign, and the winds that sigh and sob through the trees will make no reply; but hope and love will answer, yes.

---

**A** RELIGION is a mechanical mixture, not a chemical combination of mortality and dogma. Dogma is the science of the unseen, the doctrine of the unknown and the unknowable.

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**L**IFE without industry is guilt. Industry without Art is brutality.

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**W**E are not punished for our sins, but by them.

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**R**ESERVE your best thoughts for the Elect Few.

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**A**BOLISH fear and you can accomplish whatever you wish.

## *Words*

**M**ANY people there are who think a writer should deal only in puffery. If one states frankly his belief concerning the work of a public man, he is set down as spiteful or prejudiced. I often wonder how the good folks who affect a mildness they do not feel, dispose of the Old Testament Prophets and the Sermon on the Mount.

---

**L**IFE is expression, and we are endeavoring to express the beauty that is in our hearts. This life is full of gladness, and, mayhap, it is the gateway to another; and to live well here is surely the best preparation for a life to come. God is good, and we are not afraid.

---

**A** LITTLE seriousness is a dangerous thing; too much is absolutely fatal.

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**R**ELIGIONS are many and diverse, but reason and goodness are one.

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**R**IGHTEOUSNESS is simply common sense, and common sense is self-interest unlimbered.

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**L**ET'S keep the windows open toward the East. Be worthy and sometime we shall know.

## *His Words*

**I**F you wish to lessen the worries of the world and scatter sunshine as you go, don't bother to go a-slumming, or lift the fallen, or trouble to reclaim the erring—simply pay your debts cheerfully and promptly. It lubricates the wheels of trade, it breaks up party ice, gives tone to the social system, and liberates good-will.

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**G**OOD people are only half as good, and bad people only half as bad, as others regard them.

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**M**EN do not lack strength: they lack the will to concentrate and act.

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**S**ELF-PRESERVATION prompts men to move in the line of least resistance.

---

**T**HAT for which we clutch, we lose.

---

**S**Ocialism is simply the Golden Rule unlimbered.

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**A** BOARD of Strategy never fights; a Woman's Congress always does.





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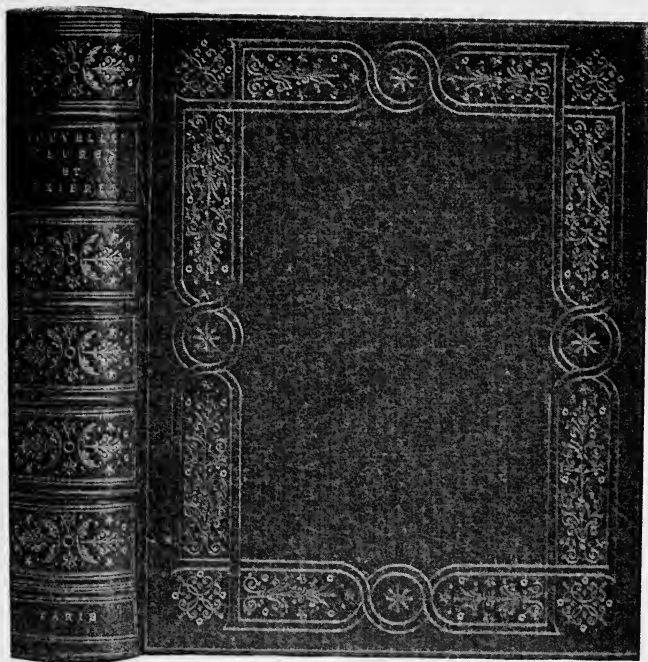
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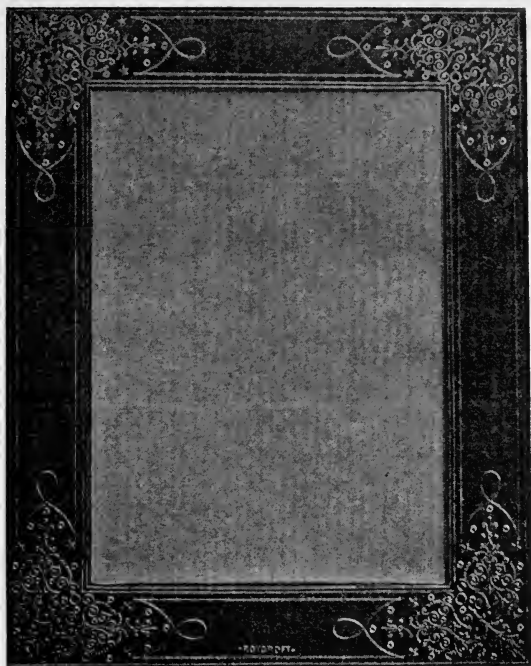
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